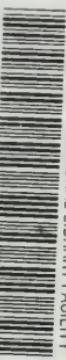


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HARPINGS OF LENA.

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HARPINGS OF LENA.

BEING

Original Poems,

BY

THE LATE EDWARD LENTON,

AND BY

W. J. BAITMAN.

TO WHICH IS AFFIXED,

A Brief Memoir of Edward Lenton.

"THEIR Lays in concert breathed—
Hopes, fears, wishes, mix'd."

S. R. Jackson's "Ahab."

London :

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND
ARNOTT, AVE-MARIA-LANE.

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1833.



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TO

THE HON. C. A. PELHAM,

ARE

THESE JUVENILE SKETCHES

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

W. J. BAITMAN.

ALFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE,

Oct. 12th, 1833.

841783

P R E F A C E.

IN soliciting public patronage for the HARPINGS OF LENA, it may be observed that several of the Poems have appeared some time since in various Periodicals; their favorable reception has been one inducement to their publication in the present form.

But, there is another, which, it is hoped, will not be unappreciated, namely, benefit of its surviving Author, who, by very severe and protracted affliction, has been deprived of the means of obtaining a support.

Of the Work, enough is said, when it is stated, that both of the youths must be classed among the “self-educated.”

LENTON died at the early age of 15 years 6 months, a victim of his devotion to intellectual aspirations. The sketches left by him are not so much to be regarded as what he has done, but as indications of what he might have done under fostering influence of time and encouragement.

S. C. T.

Boston, Oct. 12th, 1833.

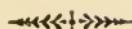
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HARPINGS OF LENA.



I.



A COLLOQUY.



I ASK'D of a *cloud*, that was swimming on o'er me,
“ Who form'd thee to sport thus in ether confin'd?”
When quickly a whisper came floating before me,
“ The GOD of the *vapours*!—the GOD of the *wind*!”

I ask'd of the *thunder*, that loudly was pealing,
“ Who made thee to follow the lightning's wild
form?”
When sudden a crash through the air came revealing
“ The GOD of the *whirlwind*!—the GOD of the
storm!”

I ask'd of the mild-beaming star of the Even,
“Who form'd thee to shine the fair herald of night?”
When a musical voice, darted swiftly from heaven,
“The **GOD** of the *darkness*!—the **GOD** of the
light!

I ask'd of the loud-roaring waves of the ocean,
“Who made ye to rage thus, and dash up the sand?”
A breeze wrought the surge into wilder commotion,
“The **GOD** of the *waters*!—the **GOD** of the *land*!”

Then I ask'd of my *heart*—“Why so fast art thou
beating?

Who form'd thee a check on the thoughts of my
mind?”

It answer'd me gently, in throbings repeating—
The **GOD** of the *waters*,—light,—darkness,—and
wind!”

II.

THE BLESSING OF MISERY.

I FEEL a something in my heart,
That seems a sweet, enlivening grief ;
A sorrow, healing Sorrow's smart ;
A woe that brings to Woe relief ;
A mystic thing, that seems to be
A blessing, 'guised as—Misery.

I see the smile which others give,
And joy, although it's not for *me* ;
I'd rather cause that smile to live,
Than rob it of its witchery :
Albeit my soul's a fount of woe,
Where grief's black waters aye must flow.

O ! much the sounds of joy, and mirth,
And Pleasure's tones it gleans to hear ;
As if those joyous strains gave birth,
And all this pleasing grief did bear ;
As if they touch'd some magic spell,
That hidden there doth sweetly dwell.

And yet this feeling of the heart
I would not change for reckless glee ;
Nor with its woe-fraught soothings part,
For joys which bloom but transiently.
But, long as mortal life I bear,
O ! may that feeling still be there !

1827. DEC. 30.

E. LENTON.

III.

W O M A N.

O ! lovely WOMAN, thou art all
Perfection's self may claim,
The glory, and the coronal,
Of All-existent Flame.

When on my mother's breast I hung,
Ere yet I learn'd to tone
Thy holy name, that on my tongue
Must ever dwell alone,—

I gazed me on thy lovely face,
Enrapt in ecstasy,
And marvelence, at peerless grace
I then beheld in thee.

I wist me not what radiant thing
Thou wert,—so bright and fair,
Alike the glorious Forms which wing
Far in celestial air.

Seen only by envision'd eye
Of infant, or of bard,
By whom alone the harmony
Of glowing orbs is heard.

O ! then I felt the magic chain,
That thou canst fling o'er all,
Encircle my young heart and brain
With its bewitching thrall.

And, still, when babyhood was flown,
The influence unmoved,
That thy bright glance and smile had thrown,
My wondering spirit proved.

On wing of Reason's dawning ray,
Encreasing wonder came ;
As, on the pinions sheen, of day,
Expanding glories flame.

IV.

M A R A.

A BRIGHT blush mantles o'er thy cheek,
And on thy lips a witchive smile,
And O ! entrancing are the rays
Come flashing from thy eyes' pure blaze ;
But, ah ! thy bosom throbs the while,
As if thy gentle heart would break.

Around thee Beauty's minions throng,
With Love's own glances, steps of pride ;
And all of sweet, and bright, and fair,
And Music's numbers too are there ;
From these thou turn'st thy gaze aside,
All weetless of the gushing song.

Tho' many a burst of mirth is play'd
 Around the festal-board, they fall
So toneless on thy gentle ear,
As they unheard, unutter'd were ;
 Or,—strike they on thy ear at all,
They sound like voices of the DEAD.

Yes ;—like tones of the Dead they seem,
 Wakening with Memory's mystic spell,
Sad thought of what hath pass'd away ;
Bright joys empall'd in dark decay ;
 Sweet strains which ne'er again may swell,
A darkly-bright, and cheerless dream.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE CLOSE OF 1827.

AND lo ! it is pass'd, and the booming is o'er ;
And hush'd are the tones which rung deep in the air,
And dwells on my heart the year's farewell no more,
All cold as its sorrows—which still linger there.

But yet, in my memory these sad wastes of sorrow,
With joy and with gladness I'll treasure and keep,
And from them in after-time largely will borrow
The joys which the heart from its first woes can
reap.

VI.

L I N E S

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF 1828.

I HEAR a deep and solemn boom,
Come bursting thro' the midnight gloom ;
At once a herald, and a knell,
It breathes a welcome, and farewell.
A requiem for the parting year :
To that—a welcome—winging near.
Say, hear ye not the fitful sound,
O'er earth, through air, that swells around ?
To *me*, alas ! on every tone
Is borne the thought of moments gone ;
Of bliss—for ever—vanished,
Like voices of the slayen dead.

O ! Spirit of the dying Year,
To thee, what time thou linger'st near,
'Till thou art vanish'd hence away,
To thee I'll breathe my anguish'd lay.
By Sorrow's all-consuming fire
Impell'd, I sweep my jarring lyre
Could whilome soothe the maddening pain
That swell'd my heart, and fired my brain,
Mid every scene of joy and ill,
Hath cheer'd me with its murmurs still ;
Albeit their music were as rude
As eildritch-wail, in solitude
Of haunted wilderness, remote
From where the human-billows float.

O ! Spirit of the dying Year,
'Tis blissfulness thy dirge to hear,
If bliss on that lorn heart may fling
Its beams, where Woe's dark sorrows cling,
As round the captive's limbs the chain
That galls his soul, and burns his brain :
For, thou hast been unkind to me,
As, to the Sailor, stormy sea.

My all of bliss, away—away,
With arrowy-speed, that nought might stay,
Have I beheld as lightning glide
Adown thy darkly raging tide.

VII.

A COMPARISON.

I saw a Rose, when growing 'neath
The mountain's shady side ;—
I saw it in its carmine dress,
The Season's proudest pride,
I mark'd it bloom in radiant garb,
With hue so rich and fair,
As if the all of loveliness
And beauty blended there.

But, when the sun its genial rays
Imparted forth no more,
And when refreshing rain withheld
Its life-infusing store,—

I saw it droop—beheld it die,
And all its glories fade ;
O ! it was all unnoticed then,
Among the refuse laid.

E'en thus, dear Parents, is *my* lot,
Now *ye* no longer are ;
In your low grave is buried deep
Your Minstrel-child's welfare.
I sicken—droop—and soon must die,
Alike the blighted Rose ;
And by my sun, and fountain gain
A visionless repose.

1827. SEPT. 29.

E. LENTON.

VIII.

FLOWERS.

SYMBOLS of all bright, glorious, sweet, and fair,
O ! much my spirit lists, and well, to brood
Contemplative, on meanings which ye bear ;
Balmy stars of green earth, and azure flood,
How do ye sanctify the raptured air,
With holy incense of Beatitude !
Ye are the radiant Poesy of Earth,
The glowing Lays which tell us of its pristine birth.

Each sound your bright canorous fragrance swells
Enchants my heart with beauty-woven spells
Of solemn potency, which thought inspire
Of things far 'yond Creation's loftiest sphere
In blood-bought mansions of the sainted, where
I long,—e'en now—to voice a Seraph's lyre.

Are ye—for such my fancy in its dreams
Right oft imagines,—shrines of those bright ones,
Who fade in death, ere well their beauty beams,
As early-broken lute's scarce-waken'd tones;
Impalpable as aërial Bow that gleams
In roscid grace, what time young April thrones
With his fair bride, in Love's own myrtle bowers,
At opening morn, or vesper's holy hours.

Thus Fancy dreams, if soothly so, to die
In sinless childhood were a blissful thing,
And *thus* to fade 'neath our own Mother's eye,
Where Passion's liquid words, like dews of Spring
In shadowy music tell the mystery
Of fondness her dear bosom cherishing
Hath wrought to many a glad and glorious vision,
Then—Floweret bloom, were ecstasy elysian.

ALFORD WORKHOUSE.

IX.

STANZAS

SENT WITH A SMALL BOUQUET OF VIOLETS.

O LADY ! I full oft have thought,
While musing on thy tenderness,—
On all that thou for me, hast wrought,
In Time,—Eternity to bless ;—

When gazing on the holy tear,
Trembled in thy soft eye—for me ;
While hearkening to the spirit-prayer
Thy yearning bosom breathed—for me ;—

While thy dear form hath o'er me bent,
Thy gentle hand enclasped mine,
My woe and anguish, all intent
To soothe, with sympathy divine ;—

O ! I have long'd some pledge to give
Of my heart's feeling deep and strong,
Ere yet on earth I ceased to live,
Or join'd in Heaven the sainted throng :

But what, alas ! that pledge should be,
All vain to tell were Fancy's dream ;
For aught that I could offer *thee*,
Too worthless far for such would seem.

And should I breathe a Minstrel-lay,
In mystic tones of chorded Lyre,
Vainly on me would shine the ray
Of Inspiration's glowing fire.

For, O ! too feeble were the swell,
My spirit's passion to express ;
Too feeble far, and cold to tell
How I esteem thy tenderness.

Desponding, thus I mused, but O !
Thy gentle spirit well I ween
Will never deem the token so,
My true heart offers thee, tho' mean.

It is the feeling of the heart,
 Each deed alone can consecrate,
 And to the token worth impart,
 Tho' mean it be, and make it great.

But, say, what shall my token be ?
 It is an humble, lowly one ;
 Yet, well I wis it will to thee
 Be dear, for O ! it is thy own.

It is the sacred pledge that thou
 At filial love's devoted shrine,
 Did with thy young, pure spirit vow
 To offer, yet as Spring shall shine.

And I will offer it to thee,
 With feeling all as deep, and strong,
 As then inspired thy spirit free,
 With vow of token-flower and song.

And were it ours on this fair earth
 To wonne long circling years to come,
 With each returning Spring's bright birth,
 I'd offer thee its purple bloom.

Who would not love the Violet fair,
 So passing beauteous, and so sweet ;
 Nor, on the flote of vernal air,
 Its balmy fragrance joy to greet ?

I love it,—for it seems to me,
 In its sweet, lovely lowliness,
 O lady ! sooth, so like to thee,
 In more than brightest earthly grace.

Then take it for my token-flower,
 And sun it with thy Seraph-smile ;
 And thro' its little short-lived hour,
 O ! let it voice my heart the while.

And when its fragrance pass'd away,
 Its bloom all wither'd—lustre fled,
 And petals blanch'd in dark decay,
 With all its beauteous charms, are dead :—

Think *then*, how faint its power to tell
 The feelings of my heart and soul,
 Must ever there undying dwell,
 Long as enduring ages roll.

May blessings rich, and sweet, and bright,
 Of Earth below—of Heaven above,
 No simoom-blast may ever blight,
 Reward thy care and saintly love !—

And when aneath the shrouding sod,
 Our slumbering dust inane shall lay,
 Our spirits with their Father—**God**,
 Sheen'd “ in the light of lasting day,”—

“ Enkindled by no earthly sun,
 “ With no” wan “ moon to mock its ray,”
 Our every toil and suffering done,
 We swell the ever-flowing lay,—

The ever-flowing lay of praise,
 To **HIM** who lived for us, and died,
 That we might live,—be sav'd by grace ;
 The **LAMB**,—the **SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED** !

O ! we shall hail each other then,
 With strain we may not breathe on earth ;
 And fondly dwell us o'er again
 The blissful hours we proved on earth.

O ! welcome be the glorious day,
When purified in JESU's blood,—
We waft us from this earth away,
With joy “ to meet an holy GOD.”

Then, 'till that glorious day shall come,
Be we to our high calling true,
So—when we reach the awful foam,
Our Father's arm shall bear us thro'.

APRIL 3.

A REVERIE.

How fair is this Elysian scene !

How bright is all around !

How passing tranquil, and serene !

How rich with pleasure crown'd !

How sweet the golden moments fly !

How softly glide along !

Lovely, as yonder azure sky,

Sweet, as the night-bird's song.

How beauteous is each floweret hued,

That blooms in this sweet vale !

How widely is the fragrance strew'd,

That floats upon the gale !

But, ah ! remains one wanting prize,
One bliss to make all bless'd ;
One more, and all's a paradise ;
That one is all the rest !

That one is her who lives within
My wakeful memory ;
That one is her, who, absent, c'en
Each joy's but misery.

That one alone's my star of hope ;
That one of all most true ;
That one,—and all life's bliss is ope ;
That one,—then woe adieu !

1827. JUNE 29.

E. LENTON.

XI.

STANZAS

ON BEHOLDING A FAVORITE FLOWER IN BLOOM.

WHILE gazing on this lovely flower,
By me recall'd are former days ;
When Love crown'd every joyous hour,
And themes of bliss were all my lays.

Yes ; last when blush'd its vernal bloom,
Joy ruled my heart with hallow'd sway ;
But, ah ! stern Fate's relentless doom
Hath banish'd all these joys away.

Alas ! those days have glided bye,
Those rays of bliss no longer shine ;
And all appears but—phantasy,
While sorrow's shades my soul enshrine.

E'er thus is Life's sad chequer'd scene
Deluding Man with visions gay,
Till Holiness sublime—serene,
Direct his path, and lead his way.

1827. MAY 27.

E. LENTON.

XII.

INCONSTANCY.

I MARK'D a Rose's early flower unfurl'd,
It bloom'd the fairest 'mid its sister-throng,
The beautiful amid that beauteous world.
The sweetest of the sweets it grew among,—
Vermilion on its fragrant stem it hung ;
But, ah ! the canker-worm upon that flower
Breathed its envenom'd breath, and rudely clung
To blight it in its fairest, brightest hour,
When Life was all of bliss within its roseate bower.

It revell'd in ambrosial luxury,
And drank its nectar till its bloom decay'd ;
Then left its victim in its spring to die,
When all its sweets were slowly doom'd to fade,

Sought other beauties of the sun and shade.
Perish the wretch ! who thus with promise fair,
And winning smiles, shall woo the lovely maid,
And having won her love, shall, light as air,
Sue for another's smiles, while *hers* is grief and
dark despair !

XIII.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Written for Recitation on Performance of "A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE," at the Theatre, Boston, July, 1828, for Benefit of Mrs. Chesterton, and her Orphan-children.

THE MONARCH of Creation's wide domain,
When he inspired in Man the mystic flame,
Than other Virtues bade more proudly rise
Benevolence, the glory of the skies :
And far as eye can glance, or foot can roam,
This pure, celestial feeling finds a home
Alike in savage breast, or soul refined,
Wherever dwells or moves the human kind,
Its smile can animate the care-worn breast,
Its blessing soothe the anguish'd soul to rest.
With Mercy, it a two-fold bliss awakes,
In blessing " him who *gives*, and him who *takes*."

To-night, no “ charter’d Actors” seek your praise,
Nor woo the beams of Glory’s meteor-blaze :—
We tread these boards to succour Indigence,
Our inspiration this Benevolence.

Thalia nor Melpomene inspire
Our bosoms with Ambition’s glowing fire,
It is the lonesome Widow’s deep distress,
Combined with Childhood’s Orphan-helplessness,—
These—*these* be our incentives, proud, and high,
Nor can we deem our audience will deny
In such a Cause, to waive the critic-sneer,
And let that holy feeling triumph here.

Who aid the Widow, and the Fatherless,
The great OMNIPOTENT hath sworn to bless ;
So, yours each lasting, bright reward shall be,
Thro’ Life,—thro’ Death,—and vast Eternity.

XIV.

COUNSELS.

THINK of the pleasures now swimming around us,
Think of the woes which may shortly surround us ;
Think of the mortals encompass'd with sorrow,
Think of the bliss that may brighten the morrow.

Joy quickly flies, like the tremulous breath,
When sickness is hastening fast onward to death ;
Sudden from sorrow does joyance arise,
Like the freed soul winging glad to the skies.

Mark, how the rain-drops yon flower weigh down,
Drooping, as if from Adversity's frown !
Mark, how the sun, now the rain's pass'd away,
Raises the mourner, and cheers with its ray !

See, how his beams streaming on the fair flower,
Glisten more sheen in the drops of the shower ;
See, how the rain that afflicted but now,
Causes its lustre more brightly to glow.

Thus—the sad soul, when 'tis darken'd by grief,
Droops from affliction—despairs of relief ;
But, when Prosperity smiles on it gladness,
Pleasures redouble from past scenes of sadness.

Hope is a pleasure to misery given ;
Hope, then,—for hope is a gift from kind Heaven ;
Hope,—for by hope a poor mortal receives
Far greater joys than reality gives.

1828. DEC. 9.

XV.

SUNSET.

“ SOL AD OCASUM.”

THE SUNSET ! the Sunset !—O ! glorious hour !
When Angels and Seraphs—so Fancy is dreaming—
Encharming all Nature with magical power,
On light-glancing pinions from Heaven are
streaming,—
Are streaming to glee in the sun-rays, which shower
O'er Earth—Sky—and Ocean, their blushes far
gleaming ;
O, rapture ! O, rapture ! how dazzling the vision !
The glory how clinquent, the calm how elysian !

The welkin's all azure, and sardine, and gold ;
 The billows are mirthful, and lightsome, and sheen ;
 And widely the banners of Sunset disroll'd,
 Are waving o'er mountain, grove, meadow so green,
 Their splendors, more lovely than Morn can unfold ;
 Such only dread midnight, and sunset have seen,
 The clouds are like foam-bells on fleet-rushing river,
 And symbol the love that e'en death cannot shiver.

The cloudlets are carmine, and amber, and red ;
 And sweet is the incense of fragrancy gushing
 From flowerets profusely in clarity shed ;
 The air is all balm, and the brilliancy flushing
 From cheek of the proud Sun, ere yet he hath sped
 To Halls of the Ocean, where sea-gems lurk
 blushing,
 Illumines the wavelets of LENA's blue stream,
 That dances all gleesome, and laughs in the gleam.

“ The birds their sweet music pour forth in the dell,”
 And streamlet and woodland re-echo the strain,
 The mountains and vallies exult with the swell,
 And echo to streamlet and woodland again.

The far-setting sun bids to Nature farewell,
 And twilight enmantles each mountain and plain.
 O, rapture!—O, rapture! how dazzling the vision!
 The glory, how clinquent! the calm, how elysian!

O thou fair Orb! that through blue wilds on high,
 Dost speed thy course of joyance and delight!
 Of Ether's laughing face—one sparkling eye!
 Whence, glancing floods of amber, rosy light,
 Commingled, stream o'er ocean, earth, and sky,
 Surpassing fair, and beautiful to sight:
 O! I have loved thee long!—e'en when a child;
 In thy deep glory hath my spirit smiled!

I love to gaze me on each crimson ray,
 When thy bright, rosy banner wide dis-furl'd,
 Proclaims the birth-hour of the infant day,
 Thou radiant pennon of a stirring world,—
 Love—when thy regal flames at midmost day,
 In breathlessness are round creation curl'd!
 With awful magic charming every thing,
 To deeper trance, than Nature's slumbering.

Yet *more*, I list, to gaze me me on thy beam—
From portal of the western welkin, plays—
Of carmine glory,—on the wave and stream,
When bosky fell, and mist-robed mountain-blaze,
In dazzling splendors of the purple gleam,
That hales round from thy deep setting rays,
Which ever and anon all brightly flash
From 'neath the fringe of thy dark cloudy lash.

XVI.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THE Day is sweet retiring,
How gracefully !
The Eve is rich attiring,
How gracefully !
The merle is lightly flying
To yonder bosky dell,
To tell the Day is dying,
And breathe its parting knell ;
To sing its lays right cheerily,
And usher Eve with melody.

In music LENA's gliding,
How beauteously !
The sun its beams is hiding,
How beauteously !
My woes are all arising
To war within my breast,
O ! would yon stream but hide them,
Or,—hush them all to rest !—
Ah !—one alone that balm can bear,
My soul illume, my bosom cheer !

1827. SEPT. 3.

E. LENTON.

XVII.

NIGHT SCENE.

THIS, is what I love to see—
Eve in her own peerless dress,
With the bright blue canopy
Of yon Heaven of loveliness,

While the white moon floats along,
As the Sky's night-sovereign,
'Mid yon countless gleaming throng,
Her attendant rolling train,

Shedding on the vale's sweet bower
Radiant streams of fairest light,
Decking rich the night's noon-hour,
With her beauty, silver-bright ;

Wandering with her nightly ray,
Where the cataracts loudly boom ;
Strolling o'er the forest-way,
Where the wild-flowers fairly bloom.

O, what beauty ! what delight !
Seems it not alike a world
(Dress'd so rich, on such a night,)
To Creation newly hurl'd ?

1827. OCT 17.

E. LENTON.

XVIII.

A DREAM,

IN SPENSERIAN STANZAS.

“ — *Quaint and mouthy.*”

BYRON.

I slept, and dreamt a wild and wondrous dream ;—
 I saw a feodal castle proud and hi
 Uprise afore me, and its turrets gleam,
 In sungilt splendour, 'neath a cloudlesse sky ;
 While flutter'd o'er the roof in surquedrie
 The blazon'd banners of a noble Thane,
 Whose mystic armourie would fain emplie,
 What onely knightlie prowesse could obtain,
 Emperill'd daurings fierce, on the red battail plaine.

And in the dome were flitting Forms soe bright,
 Of youthfull Knights, and high-born damsels
 faire,
 Alle faerie forms of beautie and of light ;—
 While sounds of merriment came on mine ear,
 And sweetest tones of Minstrelsie were there ;—
 The young—the gaie, alle—alle on pleasaunce bent,
 Join'd in the daunce—rude enemie to care,
 Enraptured, I approach'd with wilde intente,
 And gazed me long in joie, and speechlesse wonder-
 ment.

My Dream was darken'd, for a murky cloude
 Hung o'er that stately edifice a while,
 And hid its beauties in an envious shroude,
 Concealing alle the granduer of the pile :—
 I breathed a curse upon the cloud soe vile,
 That thus could ravish from my longing sight,
 The scenes of joie I'd gazed me on, the while
 I glad was looking on such pure delight,
 That thus coulde shroude in gloome a vision once
 soc bright.

But soon, and suddain was that cloud disperst,
 It sought the upper Heaven, and awaie ;—
 But ne such beautie and such joie as erst
 Were there mine anxious longings to repaie :—
 I look'd to where a Baron once had swaie,
 I saw the plaine the dome had stood upon ;—
 But, ah ! the dome—the knights—the ladies gaie
 Had melted from the scene ;—I stood alone
 In mournfulle souvenance ; alle—alle were va-
 nisht—gone !

A few graie stones were scattered here and there,
 And fragments of those walls, which once so hi
 Reared their talle forms to Heaven in pomp so faire,
 And shapes of windows, through whose hollows
 flie
 The hooting owles, with shrill and dismal crie,
 Over the o'er-grasst, desart-halls of pride ;
 While through the ruins chilling breezes sigh :
 A place where none save birds of prey abide,
 And loathlie serpents traile their hideous forms, and
 hide.

But one wilde spectre-form saw I to glide,
Slowlie, and silent by each moss-grown walle,
Pale were his lookes, and teares he strove to hide,
Adown his hollowe cheeks I saw to fall ;
Bent by the weight of miserie's dark thrall,
He ever and anon his hands upraised,
As 'twere to mourne his losse,—the losse of alle.
In pitie at his fallen pomp I gazed,
And teares of grief mine e'ene in dewie moisture
glazed.

* * *

XIX.

A REVERIE.

“Crazed beyond all hope.”

BYRON.

BORNE by the wings of thought I took my flight,
 Far where the Orbs of Night in splendour roll'd :—
 “ O ! for a thousand tongues to” tell the sight,
 The wonders which those brilliant worlds unfold !
 A soft, a soul-entrancing music stole
 O'er my lost senses—lost in rapture deep ;
 The glare how bright—how painful—O my soul !
 When wilt thou thither wing, ne'er more to weep ?
 Methought I look'd around me for the view
 Of that bright world I'd left : how small the star !
 So small, so pitiful, I scarcely knew
 Which was the speck, 'mong myriads gleaming far.
 To love that speck, the prison of Mankind,
 How proud is Man, how low, how poor, how blind !

XX.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

WHILE the shades of Night are flying,
I'll think of thee !

While the Eve is gently dying,
Think thou of me !

When the Moon so brightly
All around is cheering,

When the Zephyr lightly
Fragrance round is bearing,

I'll gaze, and list, and think of *thee*,
And, O ! my love, then think of *me* !

When thy fancy's wandering,
Remember me !

When my Reason's slumbering,
I'll dream of thee.

When the gleesome birds of song
Peal their voiceful Minstrelsy,
And unto their notes belong
Tonings sweet of melody ;

Think—they but repeat the note,
From *me* to *thee*—“ *Forget me not !* ”

1827. SEPT. 2.

E. LENTON.

XXI.

THE FIRE BRIDGE.

I LOOK'D on the river, 'twas calm and still,
Not a breeze was floating the sails to fill,
The wild-birds scream'd, and the woodlands rung,
As the water roll'd solemn and slow along :—
Yet, the Barque glided swift o'er its watery way,
And dash'd from its sides the foam and spray,
Tho' the mariners, chill'd with fear, oft tried
To stay its course, or turn it aside.
Nor rudder, nor skill avail'd them now,
Their hearts were sunk in deepest woe ;
They saw their fate, for they knew full well
They were dragg'd along by a Faëry spell :
And soon the Faëries appear'd in sight,
In gossamer drapery all bedight ;

They danced on the shore with elfin-glee,
 And mock'd the sailors' misery ;
 And they leap'd in the water with bound so light,
 And pointed their fingers, and laugh'd outright :
 Some swam behind, and flourish'd their wands,
 And push'd them along with their tiny hands :
 They cried—“ We'll punish you well this time
 For venturing into the Faëry-clime.”
 In woods,—o'er vales, on water and land,
 Was echo'd the laugh of that Faërie-band.

O ! what is yonder that gleams so bright ?—
 It rivals the mid-day sun's fierce light.—
 'Tis a fiery bridge—by Faërie hand,
 Built in the midst of FAERIE-LANDE ;
 When mortal barques sail 'neath its walls,
 Down—down the Phantom-building falls.

O ! 'twas a terrible sight to view !—
 The nigh approach of that wretched crew ;
 For thro' the water, the Faërie-band
 Sail'd merrily—merrily ;—mortal hand
 Made not their boats,—no,—skulls of the slain
 Bore swiftly along the Ouphen-train.

And one might hear that bridge's moans,—
—'Twas a horrible bridge—built of dead men's bones ;
It had elfin-life,—though a deathly thing,—
Fit theme for an elfin-bard to sing,—
And 'twas guarded by elves of an awful seeming,
Who were pointing, and laughing, and loudly
screaming,
As they danced 'mid the red flame's lurid gleam,
Or leap'd with a laugh into the stream ;—
The flames lick'd the air with fiery tongues,
While the woods resounded with eildritch songs.
Swiftly the Barque nears the fateful goal,
And its crew to their death fast onward roll ;
Dismay'd they look on that fate so nigh,
They know 'tis vain to assay to fly ;
They stand on the deck in pale affright,
Half-shrinking—shuddering at the sight.
Now sudden the bridge as they came beneath,
With a hideous crash buried all in death :—
A burning mass crush'd deep the throng,
And it hiss'd as it fell the waters among,
While one loud shriek echo'd far around,
The laugh of the Faëries—the wail of the drown'd.

XXII.

THE LOST SHIP.

A STATELY Barque was on the foam,
Over its billows far to roam !
With bearing proud and high she lay,
Rocking free in that tranquil bay,
Floated her streamers gallantly
Over the calm and sun-lit sea,
Rolling on waves all soft and sheen,
As that the Lake of Heaven had been ;
The glassy sea by Seraphs trod,
And all the radiant Host of GOD.

IN sooth, it was a glorious sight,
To see that vessel in its might,
With proud and gallant bearing sweep
Along the pathway of the deep,

Alike a thing of that fair world,
 Above the Azure wide unfurl'd ;
 Where bright beings and holy, dwell
 Eternally in blissful swell ;
 'Till, glancing like a twinkling star,
 Shot the gleam of her sails from far.

I mark'd her shadow as she went
 Along, shoot o'er the Firmament,
 Whose sapphire bright was all unshroud,
 By lightly rolling amber cloud.
 'Twas like a glittering mirror fair,
 Sheener than crystal, or the air ;
 In its centre blazed the sun,
 As all elated there to wonne.
 A breathless hush pervaded round
 The air—the ocean—and the ground,
 As rose on high the stirring prayer
 From bursting hearts consembled there,
 That—Heaven unto that Barque would deign
 Its blessing—sweeping o'er the main,
 To bright and radiant climes afar,
 Where earliest, brightest beams the star,

That, heralding the Morn's advance,
Rivals the ray of Seraph's glance,
In lustre of soft Beauty's eye,
Enlit by Love's effulgency.

With rushing-dance o'er wave and foam
She swept her, as thro' vaulted dome
Of Nature's holy fane on high,
The terror-pinion'd levins fly.
And all o'er Ocean's realm is dark,—
And mute should tell of that proud Barque.

XXIII.

THE WAR-SHIP.

I saw a Ship full gallantly
Ride rushing thro' the spray;
The sun shone bright on the rippling sea,
With spirit-gladdening ray—
While o'er the waves light breezes blew,
And gay in the air the streamers flew;
The tight sails o'er the yards were flung,
And bore her gloriously along.
'Neath bright blue sky,—o'er dark blue wave,
She traqued her playful way;
With her freight of warrior-sailors brave,
She darted away—away.

I mark'd on the deck the high-soul'd crew
As keenly they watched that their course was true;

And I beheld, as they paced them to and fro,
That their hearts were light,—unscathed by woe,
And listing, fancied I heard the song
They chaunted, in a foreign tongue ;—
They sung of the dangers of the Deep,
And of those who aneath its billows sleep.
They sung too, methought, of the toils of war,
 Of the glaive-man's cruel gash,
Of plains of blood—how they'd triumph'd there,
 Of the cannon's deathful crash ;
Of friends who had bravely fought and bled,
And rested low on a gory bed—
The turf—the proud couch of the dead.
And then they sung of their COUNTRY dear,
Of the loves they had left behind them *there* ;
And they vow'd they'd be to that Country true ;
And, methought, that their voices louder grew,—
'Twas but a wild fancy of the brain,
As I view'd them coursing o'er the Main ;
For my soul was deeply gloom'd by grief,
And such fancies soothed with sweet relief,
Since I joy'd that to others that bliss was given,
That from my bosom thro' life was driven.

And, as the ship pass'd, a heavenly smile
Beam'd on my soul of woe the while.—
But anon she tack'd, and that joyous band
Was borne away, far—far from land.
I watch'd as I lean'd o'er the cliff's stern height,
How rapidly she swept from sight :—
O'er calm blue waves—neath the sun's bright ray,
She fled, like the dreams of youth, away.

XXIV.

THE SEA-WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

List ! the loud resounding roar,
Echo'd round the sea-girt shore ;
From the wildly-surging Ocean,
Where for ever dwells Commotion.
Say, what does this dread wind bring
On its dark, tempestuous wing ?
Brings it sounds of life and glee,
Strains of sweet hilarity ?—
Brings it mirthful sounds of Joy,
Free from Sorrow's sad alloy—
Brings it Pleasure's blissful voice,
Whispering sweet—“ Rejoice,—rejoice !
Brings it Music's Orphean-lay,
'Guiling care away—away ?

No!—the sounds are none of these,
Howling from the crimson'd seas.
They are sounds of Battle's strife,
Riving Man from mortal life :
They are sounds of joyous woe,
Utter'd in each warrior's throe,
Fallen in youth, and fallen in age,
Ending there Life's pilgrimage.

Rest, departed heroes brave,
In each coral Ocean-cave,
Where no more the sounds of war,
Loudly pealing from afar,
Shall arouse you from your sleep,
In old Ocean's azure deep.
Ye who boldly, bravely fall
'Neath the glaive, and by the ball,
Soft the sweeping winds shall sing
And the fitful waves shall ring
Your death-knell, above your heads,
While ye sleep on Glory's beds.
No proud tomb, by mortal hand
'Rected on the peopled land,

Shall your war-seathed bodies hold,
Rightly term'd " Illustrious,—bold !"
No !—ye claim a nobler grave,
Dear departed heroes brave ;
Ye, enlock'd in Glory's sleep,
Sweet shall rest aneath the Deep.

Warrior-sleepers, sleep ye on !
Still as Ages roll along,
FAME shall of your deeds be proud,
And shall tell your deeds aloud ;
They shall bloom when ye are not,
They shall never be forgot !

1827. SEPT. 28.

E. LENTON.

XXV.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

I MARK'D the proud Field, where red Battle had
been,

But one vestige of battle was not to be seen,
Save a grass-mantled mound, while methought I could
hear

The bye-fleeting wind say—“ Some Warrior rests
here !”

I deem'd the spot sacred, and well earn'd the death
That hallow'd to **FREEDOM** this well-foughten heath ;
And dropp'd on the mound an acknowledgment dear,
Bedewing the cold earth with Glory's warm tear.

XXVI.

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF A LADY.

LIST ! the Pœans of the Brave,
Pealing from the Field,—the Wave ;
Tell they of the Conflict done,
Tell they of the Battle won ;
Mingles with the triumph-strain,
Minstrel-requiem o'er the slain.
FAME, with spirit-rousing blasts,
To the winds their memory casts,—
Flies it o'er the world around,
Borne on speaking wings of sound.
Many a lip shall tell with pride,
Of the brave, who fought and died.
Many a lovely cheek shall pale
At the Warrior's prowess tale.

Many a passion'd tear be shed
 For the Sons of Glory fled—
 Fled ayond the mystic bourne,
 Whence they never may return.

Weeps the *Mother*, for her *Son*,
 His bright course of done ;
 Child of thousand hopes and fears,
 All that to the heart endears
 Thing of many a radiant dream,
 That of Earth no part may seem.
 Visions of declining days,
 Gilded by Affection's rays ;
 O ! surpassing bright, o'er all
 Gloom there now, a darkling pall.

Weeps the *Widow*, o'er the *slain*,
 Oft hath on her bosom lain.
 Thro' that bosom wild and dire,
 Anguish streams its fiercest fire,
 God of Mercy ! soothe the head,
 Pillow'd on that widow'd bed :
 Calm the swellings of that breast,
 Rent by agony's un-rest.

Gazing there her sorrows on,
Mourns his Sire, her *orphan-son*,
Circling years shall o'er him roll,
Firing his young daring soul ;
'Till, upon the gore-dew'd plain,
Or, on blood-empurpled main,
Like his sire he proudly fall,
'Neath the glaive, or by the ball.

Gazing at her sorrows there,
Mourns her orphan-daughter fair ;
Thro' this world of strife and dread,
Who shall shield that 'fenceless head ?

Canst thou gaze with soul unmoved,
On this wreck of all beloved ?
Ingrate, dark !—Alas ! for *thee*,
All this scathe, and misery !

XXVII.

THE BED OF THE DEAD.

SOFTLY, and stilly,
Where grows the lily,
In elegance blooming,
The ether perfuming,
Bathing its beauteous hues
In the morn's pearly dews,
Sunk on their *turfy* bed,
Sweet rest the DEAD.

Yielded, tho' yielded not,
In the fierce battle hot ;
Fair in their fair-lessness ;
Dight in their warrior-dress ;

Grasping their dread grave,—
Well won their red grave,
Sunk on their *gory* bed,
Proud rest the DEAD.

Free from emotion,
Where rolls the Ocean ;
Aneath the fair bright Foam,
Still, in their dark green Home,
Where the bright billow,
Forms their light pillow,
Sunk on their *coral* bed,
Low rest the DEAD.

1827. DEC. 15.

E. LENTON.

XXVIII.

REMEMBER ME.

AND must we part?—thou nymph divine!
Of joy, O! must we hear the knell?
And may our sun no longer shine?
And must we breathe the dread—farewell?
O! still—whate'er our fate may be,
My dearest Love—*Remember me!*

When airy Mirth, with Gayty wed,
And Pleasure's radiant sun-beams play,
In circling halos round thy head,
While bliss enstars Life's fairy way;
O! still, amid this phantasy,
Angel divine—*Remember me!*

When gay Delight adorns the plume
 Of Pleasure's proudly-glittering crest ;
 When all Joy's matchless charms assume,
 When all is lovely, all is bless'd ;
 O ! think on him who thinks on thee,
 Seraph of bliss—*Remember me !*

Should scowling storms sweep o'er thy days,
 And gloom o'ercast thy joys serene ;
 Should dire Misfortune's scatheful blaze,
 Spread desolation o'er each scene ;—
 (Alas ! if such thy lot should be,)
 Still think on, and—*Remember me !*

When Fancy rules thy helm of thought,
 While Contemplation's musings flow ;
 When all with bale is darkly fraught ;
 When gales of bliss so softly blow ;
 Still, let *one* gentle thought be free,
 And, O ! let that—*Remember me !*

XXIX.

S T A N Z A S

TO J. R. Q.

Now beams once more thy Natal-sun,
In all its radiant prime ;
Again thy Year its course hath run—
Become engulf'd in TIME.
And I will hail this welcome day,
And greet it with a Minstrel-lay.

How swiftly glide our days along,
Stealing our Youth away ;
We gaze—and while we gaze, they're gone,
They know no lasting stay ;
Alike the arrowy-gliding stream,
Or, like the morn's awaking dream.

How truly Life's resembled to
A wreck, that's ocean-toss'd,
Which, while the ruthless tempests blow,
Is 'neath the billows lost.
E'en as the lightly-fleeting bird ;
Or, as evanish'd echo heard.

And *this* is LIFE!—but what is DEATH?
It is the Soul's true Life :
For, O ! when man's frail mortal-breath
Is gone, with cares and strife,
'Tis *then* celestial waters roll,
Which prove the Life-spring of the Soul.

XXX.

A BIRTH-DAY TOKEN.

NUMBER not all the sad scenes which are pass'd,
Deem not that sorrow for ever will last,
Think not thy woe a black simoom of sadness,
Fate hath in store for thee hours of gladness.

Though the black clouds may envelope the sky,
Hiding dark all that is lovely on high,
Yet they're seen only to brighten the view,
Making more lovely the beautiful Blue.

Though black Misfortune may frown on thee now,
And heart-graven melancholy's traced on thy brow ;
Thy glooming sun yet in its full sheen shall shine,
And smile on the frowns for a while which were
thine.

Though the dark tempest-winds wing o'er the Ocean,
Swelling the blue waves to raging commotion ;
Yet, soon are they laid in their still, silent sleep,
How beautiful, then, is the calm-rolling Deep !

Number not all the sad scenes which are pass'd,
Deem not that sorrow for ever will last ;
Think not thy woe a black simoom of sadness,
Fate hath in store, *for thee*, hours of gladness.

1827. DEC. 9.

E. LENTON.

XXXI.

A LAY OF FRIENDSHIP.

I saw thee, when in thy young Childhood's soft hour,
When Care, and dark Sorrow were strangers to
thee;

When thy brow was as fair as the lily's rich flower;
When woe and when sadness thou knew'st not to be;
When thy heart was as light, and thy spirit as gay
As the lark, when he soars on the wings of the day.

I saw thee, when years were yet green on thy brow,
When Boyhood shone bright in its fairest of smiles;
When Life was a phantasy, such as that thou
Glided gaily along in the stream of its wiles;
When the wing of thy sail was as joyously fraught,
As the soul'-nobling pinions of gay Hope, and
Thought.

I mark'd thee, as time was still rolling on o'er thee,
 But, ah ! not this happiness smiled on thee then ;
 I saw that it all had fled far from before thee,
 And smiled for a while—but to smile not again ;
 I saw all thy joy for dark sorrow awaying,
 And all thy young hopes, and thy pleasures decaying.

I saw then, the tear that bedimmeth the eye,
 When anguish and grief swell the heart, dimming
 thine ;
 I heard, tho' in silence, thy woe-telling sigh,
 And painfully felt it thrill deep into mine.
 Yes,—it grieved me to note that thy proud-swelling
 brow,
 By destiny humbled, was bowing to woe.

Yet oft have I listed with joy and delight,
 To the swell of thy Lyre, that, strung to thy heart,
 Though the tones were as sad as is Misery's night,
 And the thrill was so deep as made Nature to start ;
 For I knew, tho' thy Harp thus in woe swept along,
 Thy soul was at ease,—in the soothing of Song.

Yet, wby should thy heart be thus mildew'd with
sorrow,

As if that thy gladness for ever had fled ?

Tho' the sun may set low, yet he's seen on the morrow
To rise in the glory of gold, and of red ;
When he swims in his majesty—Lord of the Sky,
Thro' the proud gleaming Ocean of Azure on high..

Does not Hope, like the beautiful Bow of the Shower,
Promise sunshine, and joy, and the dead'ning of
sadness ;—

When the storm shall have pass'd, and the scowl of
its hour

Be lost in the brightness of pleasure and gladness ;
When thy heart shall be light, and thy spirit as gay
As the lark, when he soars on the wings of the Day ?

XXXII.

A P O S T R O P H E

TO A SPIRIT.

“ *A Spirit to a Spirit speaks
Where these few letters stand.*”

J. MONTGOMERY.

O ! THOU Seraphic Form, who first enwove
With magic-charm of spirit-witchery,
My heart and soul around the toils of love ;
To being woke my earliest minstrelsy,
And gave my Childhood’s sinless years to prove—
Though Sages flout—the deep intensity
Of that high Passion, holy, pure, and bright,
Whose glowing birth was in the Realms of Light.

Thou art gone—gone ; yet, still my memory
Tho' darkly-glooming years on conder-wing,
With spirit-blenching rush have swept them bye,
To thy remembrance bless'd doth fondly cling,
And deems—in crowd, or void, it still can see
On aërial plume thy Angel hovering,
On me, thy earliest love, all softly smiling,
As *then*,—yet more transcendently beguiling.

XXXIII.

THE DEPARTURE.

BY A LADY.

SOLDIER of the crimson cross,
Yearning with thy Home to part ;
Still esteeming all but loss,
Bear thee up thy bleeding heart.

Sever'd from thy Home before,
Hopeless anguish fill'd thy eyes ;
This “ Adieu !” afflicts thee more,
Second sorrow—deeper sighs.

Father, on thy furrow'd brow,
Years have shed the snows of Time ;
Heed not hopes, nor fears below,
Meet me in a happier clime :

Gazing on thy locks of grey,
 Lingering for the parting-word,
 Tears I feel will force their way,
 Sorrow's fount is freshly stirr'd.

Mother, more I feel for thee,
 Than my warmest words express ;
 And thy tears, which fall for me,
 Touch my heart with tenderness.

In the light of lasting day,
 Kindled by no earthly sun,
 With no moon to mock its ray,
 Thou shalt see again thy son.

Now I weep my last farewell,
 Now I drain the bitter cup :
 Thou ! who hast done all things well,
 Bear my fainting spirit up !

In Thy keeping is my life,
 On Thy mercy leans my soul ;
 Heeding not the Heathen's knife,
 Dreading not the billows' roll.

XXXIV.

AN EPISTLE,

SENT TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND A FEW DAYS
BEFORE HER DEATH.

JOYENCE ! Sister ; joy to thee !
Soon shall waft thy chainless wing—
From all earthly thrall set free—
To the Presence of our KING.

Joyence ! Sister ; joy to thee !
'Till that moment shall appear,
Thou, by glance of Faith, may'st see
Thy REDEEMER's glory here.

Joyence ! Sister ; joy to thee !
When that moment shall have come,
Thou shalt with our FATHER be
Safe in thy perpetual Home.

Courage ! Sister ! bear thee well !
 JESUS sweetly cheers thee on ;
 Thou shalt every dread foe quell,
 Thine the Harp, the Palm, the Crown.

Courage ! Sister ; bear thee brave !
 When thou passest thro' the flood,
 Thou shalt stem its awful wave,
 Strengthen'd by the SAVIOUR'S blood.

Alleluia !—Wake the Song,
 Ere from Earth thy flight thou wing,
 Thou, thro' endless ages long,
 Ne'er shalt cease in bliss to sing :—

Glowing with Seraphic flame ;
 CHRIST the glory of the strain ;
 Alleluia to the LAMB !
 Ere the World's foundation slain.

XXXV.

LINES,

THERE is a prideful lot destined for those
On whom the beams of Fortune's sun-light fall,
Its joy what dream of Dullness ever knows ?
Too pure for Earth the charm celestial.
O ! who would sleep, might Glory's stirring call,
With more than earthly voice his spirit rouse,
Henceforth to shine a PHAROS far to all,
Of men and things, 'till Time's eternal close !
“ *Life* is subservient to the voice of Fame ;
Who would not *die*—to gain a lasting name ? ”
That lot be *thine* !—those sunbeams smile on *thee*,
Go forth, and dare for—IMMORTALITY !
Go thou, my Friend, the glorious lot be *thine*,
That *I* may never hope—alas !—for *mine* !

XXXVI.

MY MOTHER.

A FRAGMENT FROM A LARGER POEM.

O MOTHER ! art not thou
My Guardian-Seraph now,
Guiding my feeble erring feet,
Through paths all dark, and intricate ;—
Shielding from bale of scathive power,
Or doth assail, or o'er me lour ?
I must believe it so, sith gracious Heaven,
Hath Angel-ministrant in mercy given
Unto each Child of Earth, lest rudely driven,
They sink o'erwhelm'd, like barque by tempest
riven.

ALFORD WORKHOUSE.

XXXVII.

A TOKEN.

PRESENTED TO A LADY PROCEEDING TO INDIA.

I WILL not, Lady, urge thee—“ Stay !”

Albeit the Land is far,
To where thou hiest thee hence away,
With the next-shining star.

O ! no :—I pray its every beam
Effuse on thee a kindly gleam :
And as thy gentle eye
Looks on that sky,
So beauteous in its sapphire light,
All meet for path of Seraph’s flight,
Emission’d on glad wing,

To this low Earth,
With charge of ministering
To heirs of birth
Celestial.

O ! what may tell
The deadly-lofty nobleness,
That glorifies the Sons of Grace !

Then may its radiant whispers tell
 Thy Spirit, tranced by holy spell,
 Of bliss to be
 Thro' future years,
 Unmarr'd by tears,
 Thy dowery.
 And I'll pray the Angel of its sphere,
 Be *thine*, to guide and shield thee, ever near.

What though in another Land thou roam,
 Far from fair glades of thy Childhood's Home ;
 From its moon-charm'd founts, and its sun-lumed
 streams,
 All beautiful as Love's first dreams,
 Yet, Lady, still,
 At beek of thy own will,
 By Memory's charm,
 Each sacred Form
 Shall rise to thy empassion'd gaze,
 Resplendent in its own pure rays.

Why list we so to stay, or roam ?
 O, why ? sith Earth is not our Home.

Its bowers be fair,
 But all unmeet
 For earthless feet
 To *linger* there.

They were not meant to guile our stay,
 But cheer us in our thorny way,
 Thro' pangful " Valley of the Tear and Sigh ;"
 Our pathway to the regions high :
 O ! far ayond this Vale—ayond the Foam,
 Rolls its dark surge,—the Pilgrim-spirit's HOME
 Spreadeth in its Eternal gloriousness,
 Our Sovereign FATHER's awful Dwelling-place :
 Hath seen no eye,
 Hath heard no ear,
 One mystery
 Exuberant there.
 But O ! to vision of Faith how bright,
 Exulting the heart with heaven's own light.
 Lady, where'er thou wanderest,
 I pray thee with *this* vision bless'd ;
 So then shall bliss be thine,
 Whose tranquil shine,
 No gloom may dim,
 While from thy lips the Hymn

Of Praise shall burst with gushing-swell,
To HIM who hath wrought *all* things *well*.

A abundant benisons to thee,

Be by JEHOVAH given ;

For Time, and for Eternity,

For Earth and Heaven.—

A parting-benison be thine ;

A blessing as o'er the proud brine

Thy Barque shall sweep its trackless way,

With bearing stern, and portance gay.

O ! may HIS Presence go with thee,

Whose WORD embeing'd Earth and Sea !

And when the surgy billows pass'd,

Thy feet all lightly press the strand,

Where earliest morn's first rays be cast,

Far from thy own dear native land ;

O may'st thou then with each choicee blessing bless'd,

In joyence sun, and calm unruffled rest.

And should thy feet from far returning,

Tread thy wonted haunts again ;

I pray thee then no cause of mourning,

Hush thy joy's forth-bursting strain.

But, may thy memory's visions be
As vesper bright, as zephyr free !

Thou goest far ;—sweet hope is thine,
To hail thy birth's fair place once more,
Though many suns and moons must shine
With rising, setting ray before ;
And I too, turn my wandering feet
From my Childhood's cherish'd home,
In other Lands to roam ;
But, ah ! an Exile lone and lorn,
From every link of Being torn,
What kindly eye shall beam on me—
What lip shall soothe my agony ?
Than all, alas ! more bitter far,
O'er my dark path no guiding-star
Shall lead me on, that Home to greet.
Well ! be it thus : 'twere sin to 'plain,
The path of sorrow—woe—and pain,
By **HIM** was trod, who from his Throne
Eternal, deign'd come down,
And on the brow of Calvary,
For Man's Redemption bleed, and die.

Say, who would not right gladly tread
The path His blood hath hallowed,
Though rough, and thorny all it be ?
A light streams o'er it gloriously,
That shadoweth but dimly forth
The splendence of its place of birth.
O ! rapture ! soon that path is pass'd,
And we shall gain our Home at last.
Be *ours* the *faith* to bear us on,
Whoever proved, ne'er fail'd hath one.

Lady, adieu ! O ! fare thee well,
As now thou hail'st the Ocean's swell.

ALFORD WORKHOUSE,

MAY 28.

XXXVIII.

RETROSPECTIVE MUSINGS.

AN ELEGY.

YE MUSES, so fair and so mild,
O ! list to the mourner's sad lay ;
Ye bless'd sympathizers so kind,
Attend to my sorrow-wove lay.

In your flower-wreathed strains I delight,
Which such balm-befraught treasures impart,
As dispell the dark hazes of night,
Which encircle the pale mourner's heart.

But, alas ! the fell demons of woe,
Have plunged me in sorrow's abyss,
Where boisterous black waters o'erflow,
And drown all my joy and my bliss.

I once could range over the dell,
 And delight in the charms I did see ;
 But now, I have bid them—“ Farewell :”
 The dells have no pleasures for *me*.

I once a kind Father could boast,
 Who in virtue my spirit did lave ;
 But, to me, is that treasure now lost,
 Thick grows the green turf on his grave !

A Mother, too, once I did own,
 But that bliss now no longer I claim ;
 Alas ! all my Heaven hath flown,
 That name is—to *me*—but a name.

The moon I have view'd with delight
 Sail along the blue sea of the sky ;
 But, alas ! now how dim is her light,
 Her beauty now all hath gone bye.

No longer I joy to behold
 Yon focus of grandeur and grace ;
 Spread along his red broad beams of gold,
 O'er the landscape's thrice-beauteous face.

I've gazed on the glories of day,
Enraptured the more at each view ;
But, alas ! they have all fled away,
The charms of the day are but few.

I *have* loved to ramble afar,
When night in her robes has been dress'd ;
But *now*, her remembrances are
Fresh piercings to thrill in my breast.

Full oft have I haunted the vale,
And listen'd the birds of sweet song ;
While their music enamour'd the gale,
That bore it with rapture along.

But, alas ! now the charms are all fled,
Which erst seem'd so charming to me ;
But, alas ! now, the charms are all dead,
Which erst wont so charming to be.

Some boast of their *friends* ever true,
Who heal dread misfortune's deep wound ;
But, the friends in affliction are few,
Methinks there's no truth in the sound.

But yet, let me pause for a while,—

There's *one* who's a Friend to me still ;
 Whose friendship's unalter'd by time,
 Whose affection is proof against ill.

And, let me consider again,—

I've *one* who I trust is sincere ;
 O ! let me not mourn so—the when
 That one will bestow me a tear.

'Tis *her* whom my heart doth adore,
 Though parted away from her wide ;
 Who the blessings of love has in store,
 My rapturous soul to betide.

She is fair as Aurora's first ray,
 Bringing light to the regions of air ;
 She is sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 Whose music engladdens the ear.

She alone the true magnet doth prove,
 To attract my affections so prone
 To wander thro' mazes of love,
 Before they by *her* had been won.

But, alas ! that adored one's not here,
 To soothe me when sorrows oppress ;
 Save *her*, there is no one can cheer
 The lorn one whom Fate doth distress.

When in my wild ramblings of thought,
 So brightly I've colour'd the scene ;
 When my life should be joyous, and fraught
 With the laurels of bliss ever-green.

How widely and proudly did shine
 The sun of my boding around,
 But, alas ! this wide rambling of mine,
 Disappointment's bleak desart hath found.

Yes ; the dream of my bliss is all o'er,
 That fancy so lovely had made ;
 The bright dreams of my bliss are no more ;
 Ah me ! why so soon did they fade !

O ! when shall I rest in the tomb,
 And sleep in the cold bed of death ?
 O ! when shall I hear the sweet doom,
 That bids me resign up my breath ?

Then—then, I can sweetly repose,
“ My grave, as myself still unknown ;”
And bless the cold coverings which close
On him all whose blessings are flown.

1827. AUG. 21.

E. LENTON.

XXXIX.

ZILLIA.

*“The beautiful is vanished,
And returns not.”*

COLERIDGE.

SHE pass'd—but left a living spell,
Its potency words nor strains may tell,
Nor would I have it breathed or told
By mortal lip, by earthly strain,
Or heard by ear of earthly mould,
O ! no ; but in my bosom hold
It as a sacred thing
To which, in after-circling years
My spirit well might cling :
A star through each dark mist of tears,
And woe-enclouding gloom,
That anguish'd spirit to illume,
Right well I wot that after-years,
If mine, will mar my brow,
Dark token of my spirit's cares,
And crush that spirit low :—

It hath been so ; each year that pass'd
 Enscath'd me deadlier than the last ;
 And thus 'twill ever—ever be,
 Long as is mine mortality.

O ! welcome then, thou holy spell,
 Thy potence nought of earth may tell,
 O welcome to my heart,
 Nor ever thence depart ;
 But dwell thee there,
 All pure and fair,
 As *her* who cast
 Thee when she pass'd
 To bless me, ne'er, O, ne'er again !

O ! hail, thy blessed—blessed charm,
 Of half its anguish can disarm ;
 The woe that on my spirit preys,
 And sheds a gloom o'er all my days.

XL.

OLD AGE.

SABBATH of Years ! calm Vesper-hour of Life !

How few attain thee of the Sons of Earth !

Thou sweet retreat from care, from toil, from strife,

Which *all* have known, have suffer'd since their
birth !

When the hot current of my youthful blood

Shall gradual sink aneath thy cooling hand,

When busy Life, with all its turmoil flood,

Shall waveless rest upon thy tranquil strand,

The bliss of Retrospection let me feel,

And let thy shades, enfraught with influence
bland,

Over Existence' noon-day softly steal,

By balmy Zephyr's evening breezes fann'd ;

So shall thy dews my fading sunbeams weep,

As slow it sets behind Life's twilight sleep.

ALFORD.

J. R. QUARMBY.

XLI.

L I F E.

WHAT is Life?—'Tis a shadow, when clouds thro'
 the ether
 Are skimming along, by the light breezes borne;
 At the will of a cloudlet our brightest hopes wither,
 And friends are from friends with rude violence
 torn.
 To a shadow how like!—but the sunbeams which
 sever
 The shade from its substance, soon beam bright as
 ever
 Restore the lost shadow; but never—ah! never,
 Shall the friend we have lost to our bosoms return.

XLII.

A REQUEST.

LET my green grass-enmantled grave
Be placed beneath a willow-tree,
Whose weeping boughs shall gently wave
Them o'er this spot's obscurity.

Let no fantastic marble gay
Be there, the sleeper's name to own,
But one small stone, whose leaf shall say—
“Here rests in peace the weary one.”

Let a sweet, gently-purling tide
There-bye in bright meanders flow,
And let two flowerets, side by side,
There-on in vernal beauty grow.

*Forget-me-not,—that token fair,
With blooming grace the one shall be ;
And let its gentle sister bear
The blossom sweet—Remember me !*

1827. SEPT. 11.

E. LENTON.

XLIII.

GLORY AND FAME.

“ *Cite me something more
Than that most empty name,
GLORY!* ”

PERCY ROLLE.

WHAT is Glory ?—What is Fame ?
Warrior !—tell me, what is glory ?
 Thou hast sought, through flood and flame,
 Carnage-fields, all scathed and gory,
 Laurels wreathè thy prideful brow,
 Trophies 'reaved from vanquish'd foemen,
 Ah ! unlike supernal bow
 Of concord the radiant omen.
 “ Curse from darkest depths of Hell,”
 Every sacred feeling's knell !”

Sages!—nightly pondering o'er
 Wisdom of evanish'd ages,
 Deeply skill'd in mystic lore,
 What is *glory*?—tell me, *Sages*.
Ye, with keenly-vision'd eye,
 Far into the future glancing,
 And thro' dim antiquity,
 With still keener sight elancing,
 “*Fame* 's a rayless meteor pale!
Glory is oblivion's veil.”

What is Glory?—What is Fame?—
Minstrel!—tell me, what is *glory*?
 Regal child of starry-flame,
 Breather of immortal story;
 In aërial fetters bound,
 Sweep the wild chords of thy lyre,
 Sing what *thou* hast *glory* found,
 Blazing on the Spirit's pyre,
 “ Voiceless echo! such is *Fame*:
Glory is unglowing flame.”

What is Glory ?—What is Fame ?
Christian?—tell me, what is glory ?
Tell in words of earth-less flame,
Of the raptures streaming o'er thee.
“ *This is Fame*,—EMMANUEL died !
His atonive blood is *glory* !
Me un-ending joys betide,
These the raptures streaming o'er me.
JESUS is my spotless *Fame*,
All my *glory* is HIS NAME !”

XLIV.

A FRAGMENT,

FOUND IN HIS JOURNAL.

WHEN pleasures are sick'ning—and hope is decaying,
When joy for dark sorrow itself is awaying,
When mirth on her light wing so fleetly has borne,
And the throes of the heart tell it misery-worn ;
How brightly the thought—like a meteor of light—
Up-flashing forth from the dark chaos of night—
Darts swift o'er the spirit, illumining the soul,
And makes the sweet hope of each after-time roll
In beams all effulgent on vision of mind,
With glance like a thought on the fast-sweeping wind,--
That—there is a **HOME** where the weary may rest,
Where the mourner may joy in the bliss of the *Blessed*.

XLV.

H Y M N

FOR THE SABBATH-MORN.

Hail, sacred Morn !—Hail, holy day !
For rest ordain'd,—that man may pray
And praise his GOD above.
Thy dawn breathes peace,—thy light abates
Life's stormy sea, to him who waits
With fervor, and with love.

What holy joy—what bliss divine,
Thro' thee, bless'd Day ! with radiance shine
From Heaven,—sweet the sound !—
Where in high joy, and peace serene,
The ransom'd Spirits ever reign ;
Where *Rest* alone is found.

Where Angel-hosts, on Canaan's shore,
With ceaseless song their GOD adore ;
And all's absorb'd in *praise*,
Where all shall one long SABBATH be,
And *praise*, thro' all Eternity,
The burden of their lays.

1826. DEC.

E. LENTON.

XLVI.

SACRED GRATITUDE.

WHEN we think of HIM who *made* us,
The *all-potent DEITY* ;
When we think of HIM who saved us,
The all-gracious Deity ;
HE who form'd the star-wreathed sky,
HE who rules the orbs on high ;
HE whose breath is Life and Love,
Mighty Monarch of Above.
HE who scans Eternity,
The Omniscient DEITY ;
How each care-engender'd thought,
But with earthly feeling fraught,
Vanish as the mists of morn,
'Fore the glance of Sol new-born.

What ecstatic joyance feel we,—
What supernal reverence feel we,—
Musing o'er the WORD OF GRACE !
Heaven shining on the face
Of each line, salvation-fraught,
By the blood of Jesus wrought ;
Streams eternal life and love,
Radiant beaming from above ;
Gently rear that Heavenly flower,
With such varied beauties hued,
Fairer blooming every hour,
Holy—lovely Gratitude.

1827. SEP. 28.

E. LENTON.

XLVII.

H Y M N.

EBEN-EZER ! Praise to GOD !
Who my steps hereto hath sped ;
By His *staff*, and by His *rod*,
Still through all *sustain'd*, and *led*.

Rough and thorny was the way,
Dark and louring all around ;
But, His mercy's holy ray
Made the desert Eden-ground.

On—in *light* of Faith I go,
On—in *strength* of Hope, and Love,
Through this Vale of Tears below,
To my Heavenly Home above.

XLVIII.

SABBATH HYMN.

SPIRIT of Rest! to Thee I cry,
My Sabbath-deeds, O! sanctify;
Cause all be wrought in Thee;
O! may they through the day declare
My heart establish'd in thy fear,
And love, inflexibly.

SPIRIT of Rest! to Thee I cry,
My Sabbath-words, O! sanctify,
Of God to breathe alone;
By testimony—prayer—and praise,
To magnify Salvation's grace,
In every utter'd tone.

SPIRIT of Rest! to thee I cry,
My Sabbath-thoughts, O ! sanctify,
With influence divine ;
And may my hallow'd musings prove
All sacred to Redeeming love,
That—I am wholly THINE !

XLIX.

H Y M N.

“ ALL things are yours,” the Spirit saith,
“ Whose hearts receive the word, with faith.”
My heart receives them in Thy Name ;
Each—all for mine, by faith, I claim :
I wait—I wait to prove them *now* :
SPIRIT of TRUTH ! Thy gifts bestow !

I am the Saviour’s ransom’d one ;
The Father’s seal’d, adopted son ;
The Holy Witness now I feel,
And thus with confidence appeal.
I wait—I wait to prove them *now*,
Spirit of Truth ! Thy gifts bestow.

L.

ODE TO DEATH.

DEATH ! mighty King !
How dread doth ring
Thy awful name in circles gay,
Where mirth doth reign,
'Mid pleasure's train
Of varied joys, with transient sway.

No mercies deck
Thy quailing wreck
Of bliss in bud, of hope serene,
But crush'd are all,
When by thy call,
They moulder 'neath earth's turf'y green.

The monarch's sway,
 The poet's lay,
 Each fail to arrest thy dread approach.
 Thy icy stream,
 Admits no beam
 Of Life's fond hopes to there encroach.

But Christians hear,
 Devoid of fear,
 Thy nigh advance, resign'd and calm,
 They bid adieu
 To all below,
 Freed from the pangs of dark alarm.

All pageant pride
 Is cast aside ;
 Far banish'd by thy stern command ;
 But virtue bright
 As day's noon-light,;
 Ne'er dims beneath thy blanching hand.

The Hero's seen,
 With Beauty's Queen,
 In lifeless clay to be consign'd,

In youthful bloom,
To early tomb,
By thee, terrific King, assign'd.

But soon shall end,
And none attend,
Thy mandate stern,—thy lengthful reign ;
Quell'd by the ray
Of endless Day ;
Nor *thou*, nor Time be known again.

1826. OCT. 26.

E. LENTON.

LI.

FRAGMENTS.

FROM "MUTABILITY;" AN UNFINISHED POEM.

LOVE.

What is Love?

— Fair Landon, tell,
 With thy passion-utter'd spell.
 Legends say it first was given
 Pure and unalloy'd, from Heaven,
 Charming all the raptured soul,
 To its mystical controul.

But, that bless'd boon of the skies
 Lost its all in Paradise.

* * *

THE SUN.

Yon Sun, so gorgeous and so bright,
 Robed in majesty of light,
 Low must veil its radiant head
 In Oblivion's darkest bed.
 And no more his glance of gold,
 Shall the lingering eye behold.

When his brilliant course is o'er,
 Low he sets, to rise no more.

* * *

THE MOON.

E'en yon Moon, so bright above,
 Emblem fair of purest love,
 In that dark, that fateful hour,
 Eke shall lose her shining power,
 And no more in sacred hue,
 Shall she speed her way of blue
 O'er the welkin proud and high—
 Pathway of the DEITY !

* * *

THE STARS.

E'en yon orbs which star on high,
 Wonderous brilliants of the sky,

They must end their course in night ;
 They must pale their radiant light ;
 Vanish with their glory thence,
 Hurled by OMNIPOTENCE !
 They must leave their homes of blue ;
 Know no more the course they knew ;
 Yet, their glory still must be,—
 Mortal—immortality !

* * *

ADAM.

Where is he—Creation's Sire ?
 Offspring of PRIMEVAL-FIRE !

* * *

ALEXANDER.

Where is He—the world who won,
 Macedonia's conquering son,
 Where his regal coronet,
 With the gems of victory set ?
 There was witchery in the sound
 That elated hero bound.

Yet *his* laurels, carnage-wrought,
 By the blood of nations bought,

Might not peer with those were won,
On *thy* plain, O MARATHON.

* * *

CARTHAGE AND ROME.

Where is Carthage of the Foam ?
Where is proud Imperial Rome !
Where her Eagles,—sternly spread
O'er the world their wings of dread ?

* * *

THE GAEL.

Where are they of Ossian's song,—
Fingal, with his warrior-throng ?

* * *

COEUR DE LION.

Where is He—the LION-KING ?
Where his deeds of wondering ?
Where the blood-stained Infidel
'Neath his glaive of vengeance fell,
When he swept Judea's plain,
That the CROSS might rise again—
Rise in glory—proudly shine,
On thy fields, O PALESTINE !

* * *

•

BARDS.

Where are they who swept the lyre,
 In the pride of minstrel-fire,
 When the holy tocsin rung,
 And their Chieftain's deeds they sung ?

They in death have pass'd along,
 Buried with the Voice of Song.

* * *

LORD BYRON.

Where is He ?—the nobler far,
 Where the Minstrel-patriot-star,
 Where his deeply-sounding lyre,
 Fraught with strange mysterious fire ?

Ah ! that harp, it sounds not now,
 Nor its tones immortal flow ;
 For the voice of BYRON slumbers,
 Hush'd its wild and pensive numbers.

* * *

LII.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

“THE dreams of youth—the dreams of youth,
 Of Passion’s glow, and Friendship’s truth,”
 Illume my youthful soul no more ;
 On margin of that awful shore,
 Where all is dark, unknown and deep,
 As secrets of the ocean sleep,
 Like splendors “of expiring day,”
 Their glories in remembrance play,
 As round the moon its halo fair,
 Or bow that spans the weeping air.

O but for *these*, my life had been
 One dark, forlorn, and cheerless scene ;
 And Oh ! it *was* all dark—forlorn,
 E’en from the opening of its morn ;

Its morn which broke in storm and gloom,
 My course presaging to the tomb.
 But yet, when cheer'd by starry glow,
 My spirit felt not *all* its woe ;
 And O, 'twas cheer'd by starry fire,
 Of Love, and Friendship, and the Lyre :

But love and friendship pass'd away,
 Alone is left to me the lay.
 I mourn me not those visions gone ;—
 Upon their silent wings hath flown
 My soul, long since, from all of earth,
 And all that breathes of mortal birth.
 I would but live to wield the brand,
 In concert with the freeman-band,
 The battle-charge who proudly brave,
 From despot-thrall their land to save :
 I would but live to wake the strain
 Of holy triumph o'er the chain
 In pieces dash'd, by Osman flung
 Around the land where Homer sung ;
 And where the proud ^ Athenian * won
 The *deathless* day of MARATHON !

* Miltiades.

This may not be—this may not be,
Such blissful day awaits not me.
Awaits me not!—I deem me wrong,
For though on earth I wake no song,
Exultant o'er the carnage fray,
Shall blanch the Crescent's sheen for aye;
Yet shall my spirit round the wale
Of proud Thermopylæ, on gale
That fans the Red-Cross banner's wing,
Its aerial harp's glad numbers fling,
Where thine, dear Lenton, sweetly swells,
As soothly dreaming fancy tells,
With that fair form which first enwove
Around my heart the toils of love.

ALFORD, April 14th, 1829.

LIII.

E L E G Y.

BENEATH yon willow's weeping shade,
Sweet child of woe, and softest ruth,
In pillow'd rest a while to fade,
Sleeps beauty,—innocence,—and youth.

Her opening bloom was heavenly fair,
And love soon her young bosom lit ;
Alas !—the joys which centred there
To last were far too exquisite.

That heart,—so true, as form'd above,
And, O ! that stainless breast,—so pure,
To feel the sad decay of love,
Such feeling never could endure.

Within the grave, divinely bless'd,
 She's found a dreamless, sweet repose ;
 And none shall break that slumberer's rest,
 Or wake the memory of her woes.

How brightly beam'd that sapphire eye—
 That now—alas!—can beam no more ;
 How soon its vieless witchery,
 As Beauty's brightest star, is o'er !

Her sigh—was such from zephyrs flow,
 When stealing from the rose away ;
 And O ! how bright the ruddy glow
 That on her cheek luxuriant lay.

Her smile—that shone so sweet around,
 Seem'd form'd but for the heart's controul,
 Her melting voice—harmonious sound,
 Breathed Heaven's own music o'er the soul.

Alas ! the floweret—pride of May,
 So blooming, and so beautiful,
 How oft is first to know decay,
 And wither 'neath the seeker's cull.

That sapphire eye—so bright before,
 Ah me ! its beaming beauty 's done ;
 That smile—such heavenly brightness wore,
 Has vanish'd, gone,—for ever gone.

The music of that voice—is not,
 That once could charm the soul away ;
 That breast—to heave has quite forgot,
 Where tenderest of all movement lay.

That form,—of grace the fairest mould,
 Is sunk in dark, and rayless gloom ;
 And all that eye could there behold
 To grace its beauty, lost their bloom.

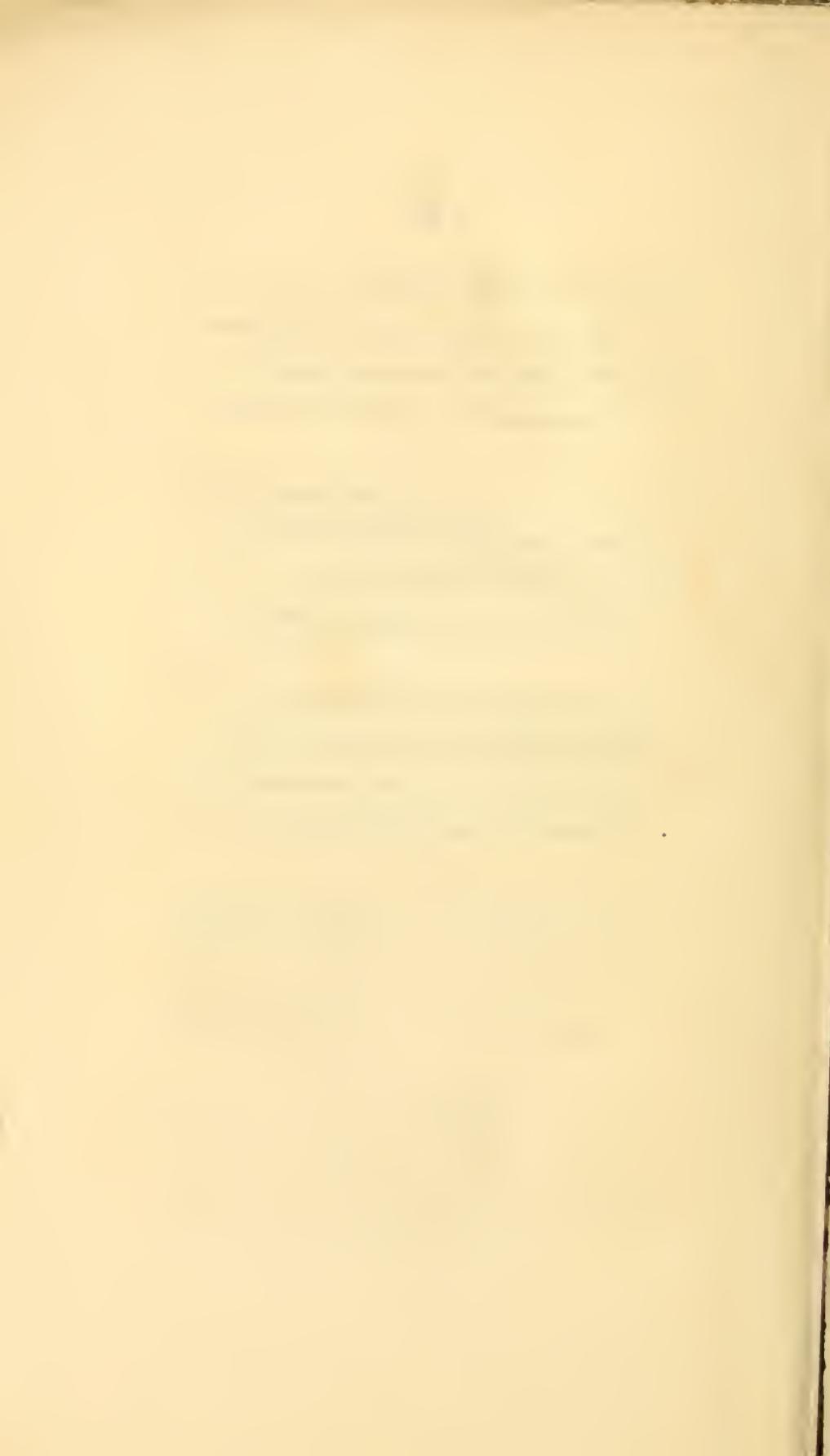
How oft she'd seek the leafy grove,
 In morn's delicious, golden hours,
 To list the warbled tones of love,
 In music from the greenwood bowers.

Or, when the Eve, embathed in red,
 Flush'd beauty o'er the western sky,
 She'd seek some stream that brightly spread
 Its waters 'neath the violet's eye.

And there the lovely Solitaire,
Of that sweet hour her soul would balm ;
As if the peace that slumber'd there,
The swellings of her breast could calm.

But, ah ! the soothing of that hour,
Was as the meteor's phantom-light,
That only flashes shining power,
To gloom the soul in deeper night.

But, in the grave, divinely bless'd,
She's found a dreamless, sweet repose,
And none shall break that slumberer's rest,
Or wake the memory of her woes.



MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
EDWARD LENTON.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

SEVERAL months have glided by since some poetic effusions from the mind of the Yonth, whose name heads this article, were offered to public notice. These specimens abounded in tender sympathies, and were acknowledged to bear evidence of the luxuriant buddings of a Genius destined, as then imagined, to form one day a bright star in the literary hemisphere. In those productions, evidence was given of a powerful talent, when time and circumstances should develope and mellow the imagination, and already had fancy sketched a brilliant halo to encircle his name, and hand it down to posterity with the many splendid instances of rewarded genius. But how frequently has it occurred, that the flame whichcherished the ardour of juvenile talent, has consumed the spirit ; so that while the world has been led to

hope the most it has been disappointed, and the fate of LENTON adds another instance to the melancholy train in which the shades of CHATTERTON, KEATES, KIRKE WHITE, and WOLFE, pass silently before the pitying world, so that thus truly may we say of this unfortunate youth,

—“ While life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just stretch'd its joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Hath sought the grave,—to sleep for ever there.”

BYRON.

‘ A slight sketch of this gifted son of poesy will not be misplaced here, because the public will then learn best to appreciate the talent he possessed, and the promise held out of brighter things to come. He was born at a village named *Hogsthorpe*, October 29th, 1812. When seven years old, he lost his Father, who rented a farm in that village ; and previously had death deprived him of his Mother. Thus becoming an orphan in his infancy, his mind naturally became tinctured with melancholy retrospection. Joy was to him indeed a stranger ; and thus, from constantly brooding over his sorrows, he imbibed a lonely feeling, which led him into solitudes where his imagination revelled on the scenes of misery and death, which he afterwards so eloquently depicted, and admirably embodied in several of his poems. The precise period at which he first expressed his thoughts

in poesy is not known, but it is supposed to have been at an age, when even the thoughts indulged in are rarely possessed by youth. When about twelve years old, he is known to have composed several finished pieces; a fragment of one is still retained. The subject is "LIBERTY," and in the lines now existing, the following thought occurs, which, though comparatively common, must still be regarded as a singular effusion from such a *boy*:

"Where Slavery's dark, despotic stream,
 With angry surges quench'd thy beam,
 Do thou extend thy heavenly sway
 To lands enthrall'd, that they thy ray,
 Thy genial ray, may quickly see,
 And rise to peace and bliss thro' thee."

For a short period he was placed in the office of Messrs. GREEN and CARTER, Solicitors, Spalding, from whence, however, he was removed to that of MR. WILSON, Solicitor, Alford, where he devoted himself to studying the dry details of law-practice, and gave up his leisure hours to the favorite pursuit of his boyhood—Poesy. His effusions still bore the impression of the same melancholy spirit which shadowed his brief career: on the 26th Oct. 1826, being then under fourteen years of age, he composed his Ode to Death, (page 125—127.)

He is reported to have spent a great portion of his nights in shadowing the pleas which floated so copiously from his pen, and in the indulgence of his melancholy musings. The effect of these protracted studies became apparent—he sickened, pined, and died. The world annoyed him with its cares; sorrows rushed in upon him as a flood, and, little versed in the ways of mankind, he betook himself to his studies whenever a quiet hour might be enjoyed. He died, as stated in our paper, on the 11th June.

Thus has perished a genius promising richly for after-years. The poems left by him are intended for publication, and they will confirm the account we have given.

“ Whom the Gods love, die young.” —

Boston Gazette, July 8, 1828.

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